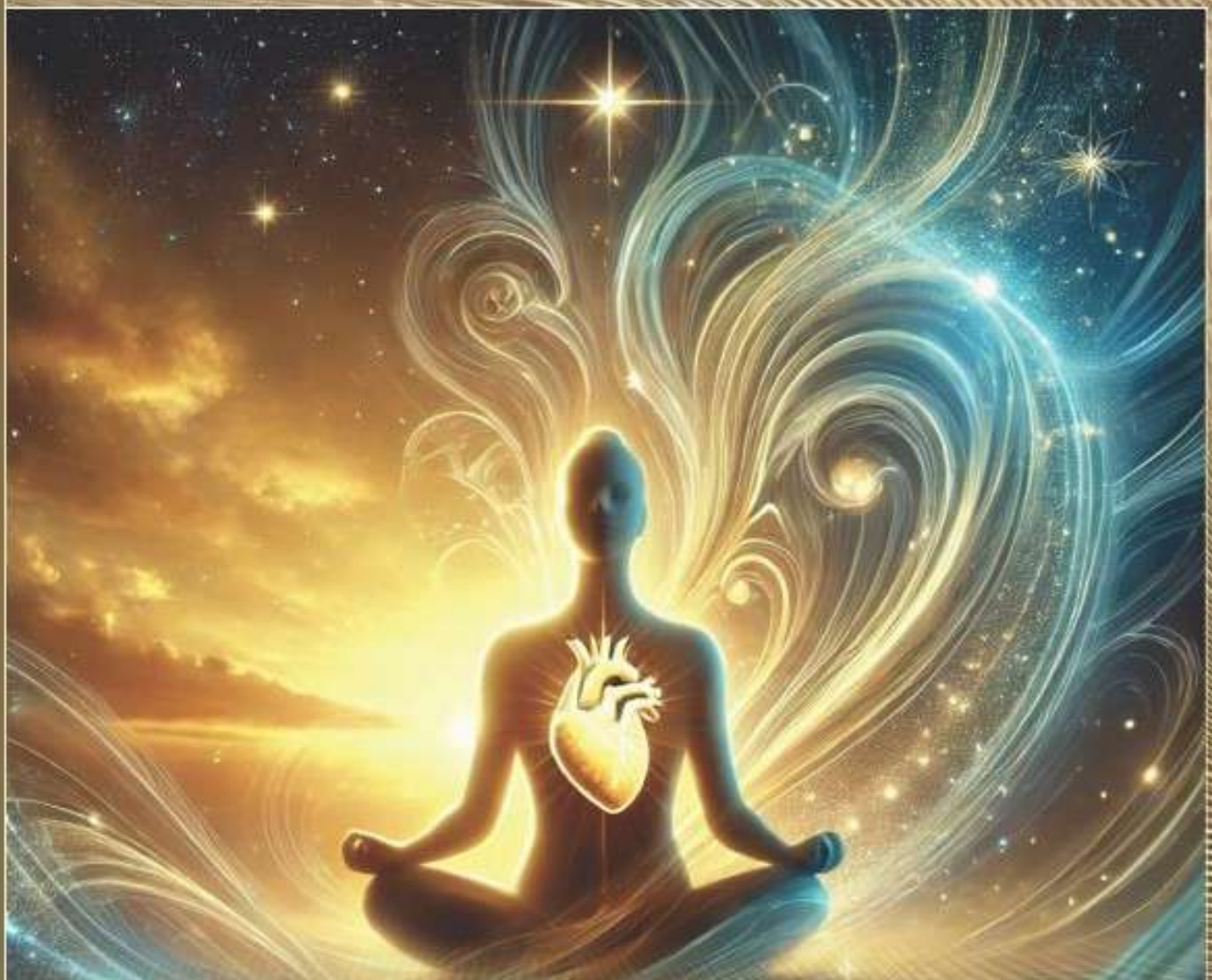

Whispers of the Soul

(Verses From the Heart)

Fakhar Zaman

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ISLAMABAD, PAKISTAN
PHONE: 0332-0578220
Email: dramjadbhatti@gmail.com

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Foreword

In the quiet spaces between heartbeats, where emotions linger and thoughts find solace, poetry takes root. "Whispers of the Soul: Verses from the Heart" is a collection that weaves the delicate threads of words into a tapestry of emotions, inviting you to explore the depths of the human experience.

As a historian and social scientist, I have always believed in the power of words to transcend the mundane and touch the very core of our existence. In this collection, I find a kindred spirit in the author, whose verses resonate with a timeless rhythm that echoes the universal language of the soul. Each poem is a journey, an intimate exploration of love, loss, joy, and the myriad emotions that color our lives.

The verses within these pages are not merely words on paper; they are the echoes of the poet's heart, the imprints of his experiences, and the melodies of his soul. Fakhar Zaman, the poet behind these heartfelt lines, guides us through the landscapes of human emotion with a deft hand, inviting us to dance with the beauty found in both light and shadow.

"Punjab's Sufi Symphony: Heroes, Harmony, and Heritage" is a recurring theme, a celebration of the resilient spirit of the people of Punjab. Through the lens of poetry, Fakhar Zaman captures the essence of a culture deeply

rooted in peace and rich in history. The verses pay homage to the heroes of Punjab, those who have shaped its destiny with courage and conviction.

In navigating the landscapes of the heart, this collection also serves as a tribute to family and friends who have been pillars of support and appreciation. To those who have shared in the joy of these verses, offering encouragement and understanding, I extend my heartfelt gratitude. Your presence in this poetic journey has been a source of inspiration, and your appreciation has fueled the pen that brought these words to life.

As you embark on this literary voyage through "Whispers of the Soul: Verses from the Heart," may you find resonance in the verses, solace in the silences, and a connection to the shared human experience that binds us all. Thank you for joining us on this journey, and may the echoes of these whispers linger in your heart long after the last page is turned.

With gratitude,

Dr. Fatima Hussain
University of Dehli, Dehli
January 01,2025

Preface

In the embrace of history, under the vast skies of Punjab, a saga unfolds – a tale woven through the threads of time, etched with the emotions, struggles, and triumphs of a land as diverse as its people. "Whispers of the Soul" seeks to unravel the layers of Punjab, exploring its vibrant tapestry of culture, resilience, and the undying spirit that courses through its veins.

As I pen down these verses, it is with a heart brimming with reverence for the land that has witnessed the ebb and flow of centuries. Punjab, a name that resonates with echoes of valor, the dance of the Bhangra, and the melody of the Punjabi language. It is a land where history and folklore intertwine, creating a rich tapestry that tells the story of a people deeply connected to their roots.

The poems within this collection navigate the corridors of time, tracing the footsteps of heroes who rose to defend their soil and the heart-wrenching tales of love that blossomed amidst the turmoil of invasions. The verses delve into the very essence of Punjabiat, capturing the spirit of the Punjabi people – warm, resilient, and deeply committed to their traditions.

The history of Punjab is etched in the ink of invasions, with both heroes and foes leaving an indelible mark on its

soil. From the valor of Maharaja Ranjit Singh to the challenges posed by tyrant rulers, each chapter unfolds with the echoes of triumphs and tribulations. The verses pay homage to those who stood as sentinels of Punjab, safeguarding its heritage and embodying the true essence of courage.

Yet, in the midst of battles and upheavals, love stories have bloomed like the vibrant fields of mustard in spring. These tales, etched in the collective memory of Punjab, speak of love's enduring power, transcending time and adversity. From the legendary Heer-Ranjha to the poetic romance of Sohni-Mahinwal, these love stories stand as testaments to the resilience of the human spirit, finding solace in the midst of chaos.

As we tread through the poems that explore the emotional landscapes of Punjab, we encounter the hues of joy, sorrow, and the enduring flame of hope. The verses invite you to feel the pulse of the land, to hear the laughter of children echoing through the pinds, and to witness the tears shed for those who have become martyrs for a cause greater than themselves.

The journey through "Whispers of the Soul" is not just a retrospective gaze; it is a contemplation of the future that awaits this land. The poems serve as a mirror reflecting the aspirations of a people who have weathered storms and emerged stronger. In the face of challenges, Punjab stands resilient, its people forging ahead with a determination to build a future that echoes with the harmonious chords of peace, prosperity, and cultural richness.

As we embark on this poetic odyssey through the heartland of Punjab, may these verses serve as a bridge between the past and the future, connecting us to the timeless spirit that defines this land. Let the echoes resonate in your soul, and may the journey through these poems be a celebration of the enduring legacy of Punjab – a land that echoes with the footsteps of history, the heartbeat of its people, and the promise of a future yet to unfold.

First and foremost, I would like to express my deepest gratitude to my beloved wife, Dr. Fatima Hussain. As my life partner, she has been the unwavering pillar of support throughout my creative journey. Her encouragement, understanding, and belief in my abilities have been the driving force behind every endeavor. In moments of doubt, she stood by me, providing not only love but also intellectual insights that enriched my work. Dr. Fatima is not just my spouse; she is my confidante and the heartbeat that resonates with the rhythm of my creative pursuits. Her unwavering support has made this journey not only possible but profoundly fulfilling.

To my dear daughter and son, who have been my constant companions on this creative odyssey, I owe a debt of gratitude. Their presence has been a source of inspiration, reminding me of the purpose and passion that fuels my artistic endeavors. They are my most cherished assets, contributing joy, laughter, and a sense of purpose to my life. As I navigate the intricate landscapes of creativity, their love and encouragement provide the grounding and motivation necessary to persevere. In their smiles, I find the true

measure of success, transcending any accolades or achievements.

Lastly, I extend my heartfelt appreciation to my publishers and friends who played pivotal roles in making the publication of this book a reality. The dedicated efforts of the publisher, in particular, were instrumental in convincing me to share my manuscript with the world. Their belief in the potential of my work and the subsequent collaboration have been instrumental in bringing my creative vision to fruition. My gratitude extends to all friends who offered support, critiques, and encouragement along the way, creating a network of inspiration that transformed a solitary endeavor into a collective triumph. Together, we have woven the tapestry of this literary venture, and for that, I am profoundly thankful.

With heartfelt reverence,

Fakhar Zaman
Lahore
December 10, 2024

Baba Farid

In Kothewal's embrace, a mystic's tale unfolds,
Baba Farid, his name, in history, extols.
Born in twelve seventy-three, a noble line,
Sayyid roots, a destined soul to shine.

A scholar by trade, theology his guide,
Yet, destiny called him to the Sufi's side.
In Delhi's alleys, a meeting profound,
Khwaja Qutbuddin's wisdom, his heart found.

Travels wide, from shrine to shrine he roamed,
Sufi masters' teachings, like seeds, were sown.
In the quest for truth, his heart set sail,
A journey deep, beyond the worldly veil.

Ajodhan's call, Pakpattan's ancient name,
Baba Farid settled, his spiritual flame.
A khanqah rose, a haven of the soul,
Love and devotion, his ultimate goal.

Punjabi verses, like a river, flowed,
Baba Farid's poetry, a divine ode.
Shlokas of love, simplicity profound,
A mystic's voice in the Punjabi sound.

Ascetic life, selfless service his creed,
Harmony he sowed, transcending each need.
Hindus, Muslims, Sikhs, a united throng,
Baba Farid's teachings, a universal song.

Urs echoes annually, Pakpattan's shrine,
A gathering diverse, a sacred sign.
In Baba Farid's legacy, Punjab's embrace,
A poet, a mystic, a timeless grace.

*****

Shah Hussain

(Echoes of Divine Love)

In Lahore's embrace, a mystic was born,
Shah Hussain, the Maniac, his verses adorn.
A life untamed, simplicity his creed,
In love's pursuit, he found what hearts need.

In the tapestry of Sufi lore,
Shah Hussain's essence forevermore.

Through cobbled alleys of Lahore's old,
His verses echoed, a tale untold.
In Mian Mir's gaze, a disciple's devotion,
A Sufi bond, a profound emotion.

In love's embrace, a mystic's quest,
Shah Hussain's kafis, hearts attest.

A rejection of norms, a societal spree,
Challenging hierarchies, setting spirits free.
Divine love, the theme he wove,
A Maniac Poet, profoundly clove.

Unity beyond faith, a poetic decree,
Shah Hussain, the soul's jubilee.

Material shackles, he cast aside,
In simplicity and love, he chose to abide.
A kafi's melody, a timeless song,
In Punjabi, his verses throng.

In the khanqah's haven, spirits unite,
Shah Hussain's verses, love's resolute.

A legacy carved in the Punjabi ink,
Influence profound, poets would drink.
A tomb in Lahore, a sacred ground,
Where seekers in love and reverence bound.

In reverence, his Urs each year,
Shah Hussain's presence, ever near.

His poetry lingers, like a fragrant breeze,
A Maniac Poet's words appease.
Beyond the centuries, his verses soar,
In love's realm, Shah Hussain's forevermore.

Echoes of divine love, a timeless art,
Shah Hussain, the poet's beating heart.

*****

Sultan Bahu

In the heartland of Punjab, where the rivers flow,
Lived a mystic poet, whose verses did bestow.
Sultan Bahu, a Sufi soul so profound,
In the realm of poetry, his wisdom did resound.

With ink dipped in the colors of divine love,
He painted verses, a celestial treasure trove.
A mystic journey, his words did unfold,
A tale of the spirit, in whispers untold.

In the Sufi tradition, his heart found its way,
To the One, the Beloved, where all shadows sway.
Through the dance of words, his soul took flight,
In the realm of mysticism, bathed in the purest light.

He sang of unity, transcending the earthly divide,
A love so profound, in every verse, did reside.
The dervish's path, the seeker's quest,
In Sultan Bahu's poetry, eternally blessed.
His verses, a bridge to the divine,

Where the soul and the Infinite entwine.
Through the night of longing, he paved a way,
To the dawn of union, where hearts forever sway.

In the garden of love, Sultan Bahu's rose,
Blossoms eternal, where serenity flows.
His poetry, a lantern in the spiritual night,
Guiding hearts towards the everlasting light.

So let us, in the echoes of his Sufi song,
Join hands in prayer, where all hearts belong.
Sultan Bahu, a beacon of love so true,
In his verses, the eternal rendezvous.

*****

Baba Guru Nanak Ji

In the land where rivers gracefully flow,
A soul emerged, a divine glow.
Guru Nanak Ji, a guiding light,
In the cosmic darkness, a beacon so bright.

Born in the cradle of love divine,
A message profound, a sacred sign.
From Talwandi, his journey began,
A sage, a seer, a holy man.

On the banks of the serene Ravi,
Nanak Ji's wisdom set hearts free.
He spoke of unity, love, and peace,
A vision that made all strife cease.

With humility, he walked the Earth,
Teaching compassion and its worth.
A humble robe, a heart so pure,
Guru Nanak's love would endure.

He journeyed far, spreading the word,
A song of oneness that must be heard.
From Makkah to Haridwar's shore,
In every heart, his teachings bore.

Ik Onkar, the eternal sound,
In every breath, in all around.
A message echoing through time,
Guru Nanak's words, sublime.

Through hymns and verses, a lyrical art,
He touched the core of every heart.
Five virtues, the path to trod,
Nanak Ji's teachings, a path to God.

In the tapestry of faith, a golden thread,
Guru Nanak's legacy, widely spread.
A saint, a poet, a mystic sage,
His wisdom echoes through every age.

In the realm of truth, he found the key,
Guru Nanak Ji, eternally free.
His spirit lingers, a celestial song,
In the hearts of those who sing along.

*****

Bulleh Shah

In the realm of Sufism, a rebel's song,
Bulleh Shah, where mystic currents throng.
An atheist Sufi, paradox so rare,
In the dance of doubt, he found his lair.

From Kasur's soil, his spirit arose,
A voice against dogma, where freedom flows.
Bulleh questioned the rigid divine,
Yet, in his verses, mysticism did shine.

Amidst the mosque's walls, he found no peace,
For truth, he sought, his soul's release.
Rejecting labels, breaking the chains,
Bulleh's essence in poetic refrains.

In every breath, a quest profound,
An atheist Sufi, on sacred ground.
Challenging norms, tradition's embrace,
Yet, in his verses, a divine trace.

Through fields of thought, his verses sowed,
A harvest of questions, an uncharted road.
For Bulleh, God was not confined,
In every heart, the divine enshrined.

His verses echoed like a rebel's call,
Against the barriers that divide and enthrall.
In love and unity, his creed unfurled,
Bulleh Shah, an atheist of the Sufi world.

A mystic, a poet, with open eyes,
He saw the truth beneath the skies.
His verses, a river, forever flowing,
In the garden of doubt, his wisdom growing.

Bulleh Shah, in his poetic flight,
A Sufi rebel, embracing the night.
In the tapestry of faith, a unique hue,
An atheist's mysticism, forever true.

*****

Waris Shah

In the heartland of Punjab, where rivers sway,
A poet emerged, Waris Shah, they say.
A Shakespeare of the East, his quill in hand,
A chronicler of history, a sage in the land.

Through the annals of time, his verses unfold,
An encyclopedia of tales, both brave and bold.
In the tapestry of Punjab's rich history,
Waris Shah's words echo, a profound mystery.

From Heer's love to tales untold,
His pen painted stories, a saga to behold.
A bard of the people, a voice so clear,
In Waris Shah's verses, Punjab drew near.

Through the fields of sorrow, love, and strife,
He wove tales that transcended mortal life.
A storyteller, a guide through Punjab's past,
Waris Shah's quill, a legacy to last.

Oh, Shakespear of Punjab, with words so sweet,
In every verse, the land's heartbeat.
He chronicled the pain, the joy, the pride,
In the tapestry of Punjab, he did reside.

From folklore to battles, a literary spree,
Waris Shah's words, a poetic decree.
An encyclopedia, his verses became,
A beacon of wisdom, an eternal flame.

Through each line, a love for the soil,
Waris Shah's words, a timeless foil.
In history's embrace, he found his home,
A bard of Punjab, forever to roam.

So, let the pages of his verses unfold,
In Waris Shah's tales, the heart is consoled.
A Shakespeare of Punjab, his quill so grand,
In the echoes of his words, the soul will stand.

*****

Khawaja Ghulam Farid

In the heartland of Punjab, where mystic winds blow,
Khawaja Ghulam Farid, a son of the soil.
A Sufi poet, with a soul aglow,
In verses profound, his spirit would coil.

Born in the embrace of Multan's warm earth,
A son of the soil, of mystical birth.
Ghulam Farid, with a heart so pure,
In the Sufi tradition, he'd endure.

Through the desert's vast expanse, he'd roam,
In search of truth, a spiritual home.
His verses, like rivers, a sacred flow,
A mystic's wisdom in each echo.

Oh, Khawaja Farid, with your soulful gaze,
In the Sufi dunes, your spirit stays.
Through the night's silence, the day's turmoil,
Your words resonate, a spiritual soil.

In melodic verses, a celestial tune,
Khawaja Farid, beneath the moon.
A mystic's journey, a soulful guide,
In the Sufi realm, forever side by side.

With love as his compass, and God in sight,
Khawaja Farid embraced the mystical light.
A son of the soil, his roots so deep,
In Sufi poetry, his secrets seep.

Through every stanza, a Sufi's grace,
Khawaja Farid, in every space.
A mystic poet, with a soul aglow,
In the heartland of Sindh, where mystic winds blow.

*****

Mian Muhammad Bakhsh

In the vale of Kashmir, where mountains embrace,
Mian Muhammad Bakhsh, a poet of grace.
A Rumi of the East, his verses unfold,
In the tapestry of love, his stories are told.

Through orchards and meadows, his spirit would soar,
A mystic's heart, with wisdom to implore.
In the Sufi breeze, his quill found its flight,
Mian Bakhsh's words, a beacon of light.

Oh, poet of Kashmir, with heart aflame,
In the dance of love, you etched your name.
Rumi of the East, with verses so deep,
In the garden of mysticism, your secrets keep.

From Chenab's banks to the Himalayan peak,
In Mian Bakhsh's verses, a journey unique.
A poet of love, with wisdom refined,
In Kashmir's heart, his verses aligned.

In the Sufi tradition, his soul did sway,
A Rumi of Kashmir, in night and day.
Through valleys and ridges, his echoes persist,
In Mian Bakhsh's verses, love's alchemist.

With every line, a mystic's yearning,
In Kashmir's embrace, his spirit's turning.
A Rumi of the East, his quill did weave,
In the silence of Kashmir, his verses grieve.

Oh, Mian Bakhsh, in your lyrical trance,
In the echoes of Sufi, a mystical dance.
A Rumi of Kashmir, where mountains kiss the sky,
In your verses, the eternal sigh.

*****

Heer Ranjha

In the heartland of Punjab, where tales unfold,
The love of Heer and Ranjha, a story of old.
Jhang and Sargodha, witnesses true,
To a love so profound, in skies of blue.

Heer, a beauty with eyes like the dawn,
Ranjha, a soul with love deeply drawn.
In the fields of Jhang, where stories take flight,
Love blossomed in the soft moonlight.

From Sargodha's fields to the riverside,
Heer and Ranjha, their love would abide.
A tale of passion, of trials untold,
In the rich soil of Punjab, their love would unfold.

Through the orchards and meadows, they would roam,
In the embrace of love, they found their home.
Yet, challenges arose, a fateful twist,
In the fabric of love, a tale exists.

Oh, Heer and Ranjha, in Punjab's embrace,
A love story woven with elegance and grace.
Jhang and Sargodha, witnesses true,
To a love that in eternity grew.

In the rivers that wind through fields of gold,
The saga of Heer and Ranjha, forever told.
A tale of passion, of love's sweet sting,
In the heart of Punjab, their echoes ring.

From Jhang to Sargodha, their love did soar,
A legend of Punjab, forevermore.
In the essence of love, their spirits stay,
Heer and Ranjha, in Punjab's heart, hold sway.

*****

Sohni Mahinwal

By the banks of Chenab, where waters flow,
Sohni, a lover, her heart all aglow.
In the tapestry of love, a tale untold,
Sohni Mahiwal, in Chenab's embrace, bold.

Her eyes sparkled like the moonlit tide,
A soul entwined with the river, side by side.
Chenab, the witness to their love profound,
In its currents, their secrets would be found.

Sohni, a potter with hands so fair,
Crafting tales of love, beyond compare.
Mahiwal, a prince with a heart sincere,
Their love, a flame that knew no fear.

Through moonlit nights and the sun's warm gaze,
Sohni and Mahiwal, in love's sweet daze.
Chenab's whispers, a melodic guide,
As the river witnessed their love's high tide.

Yet, fate's cruel twist, a river's deceit,
Sohni's vessel, in Chenab's currents, would meet.
A tragic end to a love so rare,
In the river's depths, their souls would share.

Oh, Sohni Mahiwal, in Chenab's stream,
A love story, like a haunting dream.
The river, a witness to passion's call,
In its ebb and flow, their spirits enthrall.

In the heart of Punjab, their legend prevails,
Sohni's love, Mahiwal's tale.
Chenab, the keeper of love's decree,
Sohni Mahiwal, in eternity.

*****

Mirza Sahiban

In Punjab's vast and ancient land,
A tale of love, both bold and grand,
Mirza and Sahiban, names entwined,
A story of passion, fate maligned.

Mirza, a warrior with prowess untamed,
Sahiban, a beauty, by nature named,
Their love, a flame that burned so bright,
Igniting hearts in the moonlit night.

In the village of Khewa, where stories unfold,
Mirza's tale of valor, courage, and bold,
A bond so deep, like river's flow,
Yet destiny's currents would soon bestow.

Sahiban, fair as the blooming spring,
Her heart entwined with a secret string,
Forbidden love, in shadows concealed,
A love that destiny would not yield.

Three brothers, the rivals unseen,
A love tested by a fate so keen,
In the fields of wheat, where secrets sown,
Mirza and Sahiban's destiny unknown.

The arrow of love, in Mirza's hand,
The strings of fate, tightly spanned,
Sahiban's brothers, in silence conspire,
To quench the flame of love's desire.

A tragic twist, in the tale unfolds,
As Mirza's fate, the story holds,
Deceit and treachery, a heart-wrenching blow,
Sahiban's bind, in tears did flow.

Mirza, the hero, in love's embrace,
Laid low by arrows, destiny's chase,
Sahiban, torn by the weight of her choice,
A silent scream in the winds' soft voice.

On the tragic fields, where love lay slain,
A sorrowful ballad echoes in the grain,
Mirza and Sahiban, forevermore,
United in love, beyond death's door.

In the echoes of Punjab's ancient lore,
Mirza and Sahiban, their love they bore,
A tale of passion, destiny's strife,
An eternal dance in the tapestry of life.

*****

Sassi Punnu

In the land where dunes stretch wide and far,
A tale unfolds, a radiant star,
Sassi and Punnu, a love so true,
Bound by destiny, a story to construe.

Sassi, a beauty with eyes so deep,
Punnu, a prince, his heart to keep,
Their love, a melody in desert sand,
A saga written by fate's firm hand.

Born to worlds that seldom align,
Sassi's heart, Punnu's soul entwine,
A love that blooms in the desert's embrace,
Yet fate's cruel game sets the pace.

Sassi, a flower in the wilderness,
Punnu, a prince, his heart in distress,
A love that defies the societal decree,
In the desert's arms, their spirits free.

With every passing breeze, a tale is sung,
Of Sassi's love, forever young,
Punnu, torn from his love's embrace,
An exile that time cannot erase.

Sassi, a wanderer in the vast expanse,
Her heart echoes Punnu's name in a trance,
Through deserts and dunes, a quest untold,
A love story written in sands of gold.

In the heart of the desert, destiny plays,
A reunion that the sandstorm sways,
Sassi and Punnu, love's triumph revealed,
In the eternal silence, their love is sealed.

A tale of love, in the desert's heat,
Sassi and Punnu, destiny's feat,
In the vast expanse where echoes ring,
Their love, a timeless song to sing.

*****

Kaidu__A Scar on Punjab's Face

In Punjab's tapestry, a tale unfolds,
Of a villain named Kaidu, stories are told,
A scar on the face of this ancient land,
A dark force rising, a sinister hand.

Through shadows and whispers, his presence spread,
A venomous legacy, born and bred,
Kaidu, the villain, with schemes concealed,
A malevolent force, the land to wield.

In the heart of Punjab, where rivers flow,
Kaidu's machinations, a sinister show,
A scar on the face, a mark of disdain,
A narrative woven in sorrow and pain.

His deeds, a poison in the fertile soil,
A villainous figure, wrapped in turmoil,
Corruption and greed, his allies in crime,
A stain on Punjab's landscape, enduring time.

The people, resilient, with spirits high,
Against Kaidu's darkness, they unify,
A scar on the face, yet not the end,
For Punjab's strength, it will transcend.

In the echoes of history, a rallying cry,
To break the chains, to touch the sky,
Kaidu's villainy, a momentary blight,
For Punjab's dawn will follow the night.

A scar on the face, a testament clear,
Of struggles faced with courage sincere,
Punjab's resilience, a beacon bright,
Guiding the land through the darkest night.

*****

Invaders__the Plunders

Through Punjab's fields where rivers wind,
A history written, tales of every kind,
Invaders came, their eyes ablaze,
Looting the land in a haunting phase.

From the ancient times to modern day,
A saga of plunder, a heavy dismay,
Punjab's soil, rich and pure,
Bore witness to invaders' greedy lure.

The Aryans, Persians, and Greeks of yore,
Carved their paths, seeking treasure galore,
Centuries rolled, the story unfolds,
Invaders came, leaving tales untold.

Alexander's march, a conqueror's quest,
Looting the riches, leaving unrest,
Then came the Mughals with grandeur and might,
Yet, Punjab's land faced the invaders' plight.

The British Raj, a colonial reign,
Exploiting Punjab, causing endless pain,
The soil, once sacred, now stained with tears,
As invaders plundered throughout the years.

In the echoes of time, the invaders' cry,
Resounds through Punjab's vast sky,
Yet, in the heart of the resilient land,
Hope rises like the grains of sand.

Punjab's people, a spirit unbroken,
Through invasions and sorrows, words unspoken,
The land may bear scars of history's strife,
But Punjab's strength is a timeless life.

In the verses of time, a resilient song,
Of Punjab's endurance, proud and strong,
For though invaders looted and plundered free,
Punjab's spirit remains, a legacy.

*****

Punjab’s Heroes

In Punjab's fertile soil, where legends grow,
Heroes emerge, with valor to show.
A tapestry of courage, woven by hand,
Let's celebrate the heroes of Punjab's land.

In fields of gold, where the rivers dance,
Bravery blooms in every circumstance.
From the ancient tales to the present day,
Punjab's heroes light the righteous way.

Oh, Singh and Kaur, with hearts so bold,
In battles fought and stories untold.
Majestic tales of sacrifice and might,
Echo through the day and into the night.

From the freedom struggle's fiery embrace,
To modern challenges, they bravely face.
Warriors of peace, with a spirit so grand,
Unyielding heroes of Punjab's land.

Guru's teachings echo in the breeze,
Unity and justice, with hearts at ease.
In the langars and gurdwaras, love is the key,
A legacy of heroes, for all to see.

In the lush green fields, where stories unfold,
Legends are written, in letters of gold.
Harvesting hope, in a shared command,
Salute the heroes of Punjab's cherished land.

Amidst the fields of mustard and wheat,
Resilience and honor, a rhythm complete.
For in every soul, a hero may stand,
In the heart and soul of Punjab's land.

*****

Puras___the Defender of Punjab

In the land of five rivers, where legends reside,
A defender emerged with valor as his guide.
Pooras, the guardian, strong and true,
In Punjab's heart, where bravery grew.

With a sword in hand and courage ablaze,
He faced the storm, in countless arrays.
Against injustice, he stood his ground,
A beacon of hope, where honor is found.

Through fields of strife and battles untold,
Pooras marched, his spirit bold.
The defender of Punjab, in armor clad,
A shield against darkness, no fear to add.

In tales of yore, his name resounds,
A symbol of strength, where courage surrounds.
Through the ages, his legend persists,
A defender cherished, in the Punjab mists.

With eyes that sparkled, like stars in the night,
Pooras fought for justice, with all his might.
In the echoes of history, his deeds expand,
The defender of Punjab, a noble stand.

Amidst the rivers' flow, his legacy weaves,
A guardian spirit, who never deceives.
Pooras, the hero, in stories grand,
The defender of Punjab's noble land.

Through trials and triumphs, his name prevails,
In Punjab's tales, where the warrior hails.
A symbol of strength, in history's hand,
Puras, the defender, of Punjab's proud land.

*****

The Barren Land__Punjab?

In the wake of conquest, a story unfolds,
Barren land, a testament to stories told.
Gifted by invaders, in conquest's might,
Yet within the arid soil, resilience takes flight.

Once fertile plains, now wear a somber hue,
A canvas of change, where history drew.
The invaders' footprint left a mark profound,
Transforming landscapes, altering the ground.

Barren, yet bearing tales untold,
Whispers of battles, both brave and bold.
A legacy etched in the soil's silent cry,
Of conquerors' triumphs, beneath the sky.

The dust of empires settles in the air,
A gift bestowed, the land must bear.
Barren, but not defeated, it stands,
Witness to the touch of many hands.

In hardship's embrace, life finds a way,
Barren lands, a challenge to sway.
Resilient seeds in the dust take root,
A testament to nature's eternal pursuit.

Through centuries, the landscape changes guise,
Barren stretches beneath vast, open skies.
Yet within the silence, a message to glean,
The land, a canvas where stories convene.

From invaders' conquests, a paradox unfolds,
Barren land, a tale of contrasts and molds.
In the echoes of history, the landscape withstands,
Barren, yet gifted, by invaders' hands.

*****

The Barren Minds

In the corridors of power, where rulers tread,
Foreign minds, a tapestry woven with thread.
Yet in their reign, a paradox appears,
Barren minds, marked by countless fears.

Not in the land, but in thoughts confined,
Foreign rulers with a barren mind.
Their grasp on power, a fleeting dance,
In the shadow of ignorance, they advance.

A barren landscape within their gaze,
Devoid of wisdom, lost in a maze.
Decisions made with a vacant stare,
Foreign rulers, unaware.

In the realm of governance, where ideas should bloom,
Barren minds bring forth impending doom.
No fertile soil for progress to find,
In the barren landscapes of a ruler's mind.

Seeds of compassion, empathy's flower,
Barren minds lack the nurturing power.
Foreign rulers, in a cognitive bind,
A barren legacy left behind.

Yet hope persists in the hearts of the wise,
Seeds of change beneath the foreign guise.
In the realm of intellect, a call to unwind,
The barren minds of rulers, left behind.

Let knowledge and wisdom take the lead,
A fertile landscape where minds can seed.
Foreign rulers, in the past confined,
May learn to nourish what was once barren, entwined.

*****

Zulfiqar Ali Bhutto

In the corridors of power, a tale unfolds,
Of a leader bold, whose story remains untold.
Zulfiqar Ali Bhutto, a visionary soul,
In the annals of history, his name shall enroll.

With a voice that thundered, he championed the cause,
Of the oppressed, the marginalized, with no pause.
But envy and fear, by dictators stirred,
Led to a plot, where justice was blurred.

In the halls of justice, where truth should reign,
Conspiracies brewed, in a web of disdain.
Innocence shackled, by manipulation's hand,
As the wheels of injustice turned across the land.

The verdict delivered, a travesty of law,
As Bhutto stood condemned, to face the fatal flaw.
Hanged innocently, a martyr of deceit,
His legacy immortal, in the hearts that beat.

Yet, his spirit endures, in the fight for rights,
A beacon of hope, amidst darkest nights.
For justice delayed is justice denied,
And Bhutto's legacy, shall never be denied.

In the echoes of history, his voice still rings,
A reminder of the power true leadership brings.
Zulfiqar Ali Bhutto, a symbol of might,
Injustice may silence, but truth shines bright.

*****

Shaheed Benazir Bhutto

In the land where rivers flow with grace,
A flower bloomed, a beacon in the race.
Benazir Bhutto, with grace adorned,
In the tumult of politics, she was born.

A daughter of the East, with courage untold,
In her hands, the future she'd hold.
Her voice, a melody of hope and might,
Guiding her people through the darkest night.

With passion in her heart, and fire in her soul,
She strove to make broken systems whole.
For women's rights, she fiercely fought,
Breaking barriers, daring the thought.

In the face of tyranny, she stood tall,
Defying dictators, answering the call.
Her spirit unyielding, her resolve unwavering,
In her eyes, the dreams of a nation, savouring.

Yet, tragedy struck, a martyr she became,
But in her memory, burns a lasting flame.
For Benazir Bhutto, the Shaheed so true,
Her legacy lives on, in all that we do.

In the hearts of the people, her spirit lives,
A reminder that even in darkness, hope gives.
Shaheed Benazir Bhutto, forever remembered,
In the annals of history, her name treasured.

*****

Freedom Fighters

In Punjab's fertile soil, where rivers flow,
A tale of valor, of freedom's fervent glow.
Freedom fighters arose, with courage to wield,
In the struggle for liberty, their fate sealed.

Bathed in the hues of the golden fields,
Punjab's warriors, their destiny revealed.
Through the echoes of Jallianwala's pain,
They rose against injustice, a resolute refrain.

Bhagat Singh, a flame burning bright,
In the darkened night, a beacon of light.
With words as weapons, and deeds so bold,
A martyr's story forever told.

Udham Singh, with justice in his eyes,
Avenging the blood, where innocence lies.
Punjab's spirit, undaunted, unbound,
In the pursuit of freedom, a purpose profound.

Mata Gujri, resilient and strong,
A mother's sacrifice, a legacy lifelong.
She stood by her sons, steadfast and true,
In the face of oppression, her courage grew.

Punjab's heroes, from village to town,
With a collective dream, in unison, renowned.
Rising against tyranny, they stood as one,
In the quest for freedom, their battle begun.

So let us remember, with gratitude and pride,
Punjab's freedom fighters, who never shied.
Their spirit lives on, in every heart,
A flame of freedom that will never depart.

*****

Bhagat Singh

In the heartland of Punjab, a hero arose,
Bhagat Singh, in history, his courage composed.
A valiant soul, with fire in his gaze,
In the struggle for freedom, he set ablaze.

Born in the fields of undying green,
A flame of rebellion, fierce and keen.
With ideals forged in the crucible of strife,
He embarked on a journey, defining life.

In the shadows of injustice, he took his stand,
A warrior poet, with a pen in his hand.
Through the echoes of injustice, he cried,
A voice for the voiceless, undeniably dignified.

In Lahore's dungeons, where darkness lay,
Bhagat Singh stood, unyielding in his stay.
Facing the gallows, with a fearless stare,
For freedom's cause, he was prepared to bear.

"Long live the revolution!" his resounding call,
Echoing through history's hallowed hall.
In the face of oppression, he stood tall,
A symbol of resistance, for one and all.

With the ink of sacrifice, his story penned,
A martyr's tale, to the world, extend.
Bhagat Singh, a hero, forever in our heart,
In Punjab's history, an immortal part.

Through the pages of time, his legacy lives,
In the spirit of freedom, his essence gives.
A fearless hero, Punjab's proud son,
Bhagat Singh's courage, forever spun.

*****

Landless Punjabis

In Punjab's embrace, where rivers dance,
A tale unfolds, of an unyielding stance.
Landless Punjabis, in shadows they tread,
Seeking solace, where dreams have bled.

In the golden fields, a yearning sown,
For the soil they till, a destiny unknown.
Whispers of the land, a distant song,
Landless hearts, where they belong?

Lost in the expanse, where greenery sways,
Landless Punjabis, in silent arrays.
Their tales of toil, etched in the earth,
A struggle profound, of intrinsic worth.

In the absence of acres, they weave their lore,
Landless spirits, resilient evermore.
A symphony of dreams, in each furrow sown,
A garden of hope, where seeds are thrown.

Through barren landscapes, they journey far,
Landless Punjabis, beneath the same star.
Yet in their eyes, a resilience gleams,
A spirit unbroken, like flowing streams.

For in the heart of Punjab, a story unfolds,
Landless Punjabis, where destiny molds.
In every stride, a quest for worth,
A journey of longing, a quest for the earth.

*****

Tyrant Rulers

In Punjab's tale, a chapter dark,
Tyrant rulers left an indelible mark.
Their shadows loomed, oppressive might,
A narrative of injustice, casting a blight.

With iron fists, they clenched control,
Suppressing voices, taking their toll.
Villains in the corridors of power,
Their reign, a desolate, oppressive hour.

In the land of five rivers, once serene,
Tyrant rulers, cruel and unclean.
They silenced dissent, crushed the free,
A reign of terror, a dark decree.

From the Golden Temple to the silent fields,
Their tyranny spread, as suffering yields.
A legacy of pain, etched in the soil,
A tale of anguish, a tyrant's coil.

In the echoes of cries, silenced and unheard,
Punjab's spirit, though battered, stirred.
For even in darkness, seeds of resistance sown,
Defiance in whispers, a rebellion grown.

Yet, let us remember the resilience so grand,
For tyrants may rule, but not withstand.
In Punjab's heart, the flame burns bright,
A promise of justice, dispelling the night.

May the tyrant rulers fade from history's scroll,
As Punjab rises, an indomitable soul.
In the face of oppression, let hope unfurl,
For in unity and courage, villains shall swirl.

*****

Punjabi Language

In the heartland of Pakistan, where rivers flow,
A language, Punjabi, faces a silent woe.
Orphaned, neglected, by rulers' decree,
In the shadow of silence, it yearns to be free.

A vibrant tongue, rich in history's embrace,
Yet, fake rulers deny it a rightful place.
Punjabi whispers in the fields and bazaars,
A heritage fading, obscured by scars.

In the land of the green, a cultural tapestry,
Punjabi, orphaned, dreams of being free.
Majestic verses, in Gurmukhi's grace,
Yearning for recognition, in a sacred space.

Fake rulers cast shadows on its eloquent script,
Suppressing its essence, as if it's eclipsed.
But within the syllables, a spirit prevails,
A longing for freedom, as the language trails.

In the soil where the five rivers intertwine,
Punjabi echoes a heritage divine.
Yet, in the corridors of power, a deafening hush,
As fake rulers stifle its lyrical rush.

Oh, Punjabi language, resilient and strong,
In the face of neglect, you still belong.
Through poetry and prose, your voice resounds,
A testament to the resilience that confounds.

May the fake rulers awaken to your plea,
Embrace the richness you offer so free.
For in the dance of words, a culture thrives,
Punjabi language, in our hearts survives.

*****

Punjabi Culture

In the heart of Punjab, where vibrant colors dance,
A tapestry of culture, a spirit's exuberant trance.
With every beat of the dhol and a bhangra's sway,
Punjab's essence unfolds, a celebration every day.

In fields of gold, where wheat waves with pride,
A culture flourishes, in traditions, it's tied.
Turbaned men, with pride in their stride,
Ancestral echoes in each step they guide.

The aroma of spices in a langar's feast,
Hospitality reigns, making worries cease.
From Amritsar's Golden Temple's serene glow,
To the laughter that through the mustard fields flows.

Giddha in the courtyard, a lively display,
Women in colorful attire, a vibrant array.
With grace in their movements, a story unfolds,
Punjabi culture, in the rhythm it holds.

Folk tales sung by the fireside's glow,
Legends of love, courage, and woe.
With each story passed through generations,
Punjab's narrative, a bond of foundations.

Harmony in diversity, a melodic blend,
Sufi poetry, a transcendent trend.
In qawwalis, a yearning for the divine,
Punjab's culture, in every soul does shine.

The harvest festival, a time of delight,
Lohri's flames dance in the winter night.
Unity in diversity, a melody grand,
Punjab's culture, in every grain of sand.

So, in the dance of life, where cultures twirl,
Punjab's heritage, an enchanting swirl.
A symphony of traditions, a rich array,
In the heart of Punjab, culture holds sway.

*****

Dreams

In the realm of dreams, where hopes take flight,
I once painted visions, bold and bright.
Yet, reality unfolded, a different hue,
A poignant whisper, my dreams didn't come true.

I reached for stars in the midnight sky,
But they slipped away, as if to defy.
A tapestry of desires woven with care,
Now frayed and tattered, lost in the air.

Through the corridors of time, I chased,
Dreams like butterflies, in the wind, displaced.
Why did they elude, slip through my grasp?
A mystery unraveling, in life's complex clasp.

Perhaps the timing, the intricate dance,
Fate's design, a peculiar chance.
For dreams deferred, may still find a way,
In the dawn of hope, a brighter day.

Yet, in the silence of unfulfilled desire,
There's wisdom gained, a soul's entire.
For in the journey where dreams may stall,
Resilience grows, standing tall.

So, let not despair shroud the night,
For dreams may evolve, take a different flight.
In the mosaic of life, a truth rings true,
Even if today, my dreams didn't come true.

*****

Culture of Punjab

In Punjab's embrace, a tapestry unfolds,
A vibrant culture, where diversity molds.
Unity in diversity, a radiant theme,
Inclusive echoes, like a peaceful stream.

Turbaned heads and caps in a joyful dance,
A spectrum of colors, a harmonious trance.
Bhangra beats and giddha's graceful twirl,
Punjab's heart throbs in an inclusive swirl.

From the Golden Temple's serene abode,
To the bustling streets where stories are stowed,
In the langar's warmth, a shared delight,
An inclusive culture, where all unite.

In fields of gold, where farmers toil,
A mosaic of faiths, in fertile soil.
Hindu, Sikh, Muslim side by side,
In Punjab's culture, diversity is a guide.

Sufi verses and Gurbani's hymn,
In the air, a melody, a spiritual whim.
Each tradition, a thread in the grand design,
Inclusive culture, where all intertwine.

Women in vibrant phulkari, a cultural tale,
Their strength and grace, a resilient trail.
In the heart of Punjab, acceptance sings,
A celebration of differences, as unity springs.

So, let the spirit of Punjab resound,
Inclusive culture, in every heart found.
A testament to a world where all belong,
Punjab's embrace, an inclusive song.

*****

Folk Wisdom

In Punjab's fields where wisdom blooms,
Folk tales whisper in the evening gloom.
A tapestry of lessons, ancient and wise,
Punjabi folk wisdom, where knowledge lies.

Beneath the shade of a banyan tree,
Elders share tales, profound and free.
Proverbs and sayings, passed through time,
Guiding the soul, like a rhythm's chime.

"Make hay while the sun shines," they declare,
A lesson in seizing moments rare.
In the cycles of life, like seasons change,
Punjabi wisdom, profound and strange.

"Empty vessels make more noise," they say,
A truth resonating in life's grand ballet.
In quiet strength, lessons to glean,
From Punjab's folk wisdom, a timeless sheen.

The mustard fields sway with stories untold,
Of resilience, love, and hearts that hold.
"Sow the wind, reap the whirlwind," they intone,
In the fields of karma, seeds are sown.

With laughter and warmth, wisdom imparts,
A code of living, etched in hearts.
In every proverb, a truth unfolds,
Punjabi folk wisdom, in tales it molds.

So, listen closely to the whispers in the air,
Where folk wisdom lingers, beyond compare.
In the heart of Punjab, stories thrive,
A legacy of wisdom, forever alive.

*****

Religion of Hunger

In the realm of hunger, a silent choir sings,
Where the soul's anguish and emptiness stings.
No altars adorned, no prayers ascend,
Just the rumble of bellies, the cry of the friend.

In this religion of hunger, poverty's shrine,
Where deprivation's grasp tightens like twine.
No rituals grand, no sacred creed,
Just the constant ache of a basic need.

In the temple of want, where despair holds sway,
Where hope flickers dimly, day after day.
No holy scriptures, no prophets' lore,
Just the hunger pangs that gnaw at the core.

Yet amidst the anguish, a spirit prevails,
A resilience that the hungry unveils.
For in the depths of hunger, compassion is found,
In the sharing of crumbs, in the caring sound.

In this religion of hunger, let us unite,
To ease the burden, to bring forth light.
For every meal shared, every hand lent,
Is a testament true, to our humanity's ascent.

So let us bow not to statues of stone,
But to the hungry, the weary, the alone.
For in serving them, we find our grace,
In this religion of hunger, let love embrace.

*****

Politics of Violence

In the arena where power's sought and sold,
A darker force creeps, its tendrils bold.
It's the politics of violence, a chilling sight,
Where might overcomes reason in the dead of night.

Through streets fraught with fear, it leaves its mark,
Leaving wounds unseen, in the shadows dark.
With clenched fists and weapons drawn,
It shatters peace, leaves innocence torn.

In the halls of governance, its whispers scheme,
Corrupting hearts, turning noble dreams.
Promises of safety, of order and control,
Yet beneath the surface, a malignant soul.

It thrives on division, on fear's cruel grip,
Turning neighbor against neighbor, in a poisonous trip.
With propaganda's poison, it spreads its lies,
Manipulating truth, as innocence dies.

But amidst the chaos, the turmoil and strife,
There lies a glimmer, a hope for life.
For in the hearts of the brave, the righteous few,
There burns a fire, a light so true.

They stand against tyranny, against hate's cruel hand,
Uniting voices, across the land.
With courage as their shield, and justice as their guide,
They defy the politics of violence, with love as their pride.

So let us rise, with voices strong and clear,
Rejecting the politics of violence, holding truth dear.
For in unity and peace, we find our strength,
And in love's embrace, we'll go to any length.

*****

Divide and Rule

In the realm where gods and rulers entwine,
A tangled web spun, a fateful design.
It's the politics of divine and rule,
Where power and faith mingle, a precarious fuel.

Kings and queens, wielding scepters high,
Claiming divine right from the endless sky.
With thrones adorned, in palaces grand,
They reign over mortals, with an iron hand.

In the temples, priests chant and pray,
Interpreting scriptures, guiding the way.
Their words entwined with earthly might,
Dictating laws, shaping the night.

The politics of divine and rule,
Where faith is weapon, and power a tool.
Religious fervor and earthly sway,
Determine fortunes, in the light of day.

Yet amidst the glory, the pomp and pride,
Truth often buried, justice denied.
For when gods and rulers dance as one,
It's the common folk who bear the brunt.

But in the hearts of the meek, the humble few,
There lies a spark, a hope anew.
For in the unity of voice, in the quest for right,
They challenge the politics, with courage bright.

So let us stand against the tyranny's tide,
With truth as our beacon, justice as our guide.
For in the politics of divine and rule,
It's humanity's spirit that must ever fuel.

*****

Ridiculous Rites

In the book of traditions, some pages wear a frown,
Ridiculous customs, like shadows, weigh down.
A critical eye on practices absurd,
For progress demands, some must be unheard.

In the tapestry of time, traditions weave,
Yet, some deserve not the praise they receive.
Ridiculous rites that bind the free,
Condemnation's call, let it be.

In the echoes of the past, we find,
Traditions that stifle, restrict, and bind.
A discerning gaze, a question raised,
On the ridiculous norms, in society phased.

Let condemnation fall on oppressive ways,
On traditions that darken life's bright days.
For progress lies in shedding the old,
In breaking free from traditions cold.

A call for change, for a brighter dawn,
To challenge traditions, that wisdom drawn.
In the face of the ridiculous, let voices rise,
Condemn the chains, let freedom's spirit fly.

For traditions worthy, let them stay,
But those absurd, let them fade away.
In the march of time, let reason lead,
Condemning the ridiculous, a vital deed.

*****

Harmony in the Khanqah

Uniting Souls Beyond Boundaries

In the khanqah's embrace, seekers find a retreat,
Where diverse hearts, in unity, sweetly meet.

Transcending boundaries, both social and divine,
A haven for souls, where sacred whispers intertwine.

Contemplation's dance, a silent, rhythmic song,
In the hallowed halls, where spirits belong.

Prayer echoes softly, a chorus of the soul,
As diverse voices merge, creating a sacred whole.

Seekers gather, like stars in the cosmic expanse,
Diverse constellations, united in a spiritual dance.

In this sacred symphony, each soul finds its voice,
Discourse and wisdom in unity rejoice.

The khanqah, a sanctuary beyond worldly strife,
A tapestry of spirits weaving the fabric of life.

*****

Love's Universal Symphony

In the garden of hearts, love's tale unfolds,
A universal melody, timeless and bold.

Stars whisper secrets in the cosmic night,
Love's language, ethereal and bright.

Boundaries dissolve in passion's sweet embrace,
Love's journey, a dance of grace.

Silent gazes speak a language divine,
In the universal script of love, we intertwine.

From dawn's first light to the moonlit skies,
Love's symphony echoes, a sweet surprise.

Through joy and sorrow, love remains,
A universal theme, where every heart gains.

In the tapestry of existence, love's threads weave,
A cosmic dance where spirits believe.

So let our hearts surrender, to love's gentle sway,
In this universal ghazal, where emotions play.

*****

Tolerance's Radiance

In the tapestry of humanity, let tolerance gleam,
A jewel so rare, in every heart, a cherished dream.

Amidst diversity, its luster brightly shines,
Uniting souls in harmony, where love defines.

Acceptance, a melody, in the symphony of grace,
Tolerance, a treasure, all prejudice to efface.

Embrace the hues of differences, let kindness lead,
In tolerance's garden, sow the seeds we all need.

Through storms of discord, let patience prevail,
Tolerance, a beacon, in every human tale.

In unity we stand, with acceptance as our guide,
Tolerance, a jewel, in love's universal stride.

*****

Oneness of Humanity

In the tapestry of existence, threads entwine,
A symphony of hearts, where oneness shines.

No borders in the realm where spirits soar,
Humanity's melody, forever we adore.

In diverse hues, the human story unfolds,
Unity's canvas, where compassion molds.

Relinquish the labels that divide and mar,
Embrace the oneness, under the same star.

Faiths may differ, but love is the guide,
In the garden of unity, prejudices subside.

No strangers here, just kindred souls we find,
Bound by love, in the vast expanse of humankind.

In the dance of life, each step is shared,
A universal heartbeat, in unity declared.

Celebrate the ties that bind us all,
Oneness of humanity, a celestial call.

*****

Beyond Bounds

In love's embrace, where boundaries dissolve,
A tale unfolds, a saga to evolve.

Hearts entwined in a celestial dance,
Love's transcendence, a timeless romance.

Eyes that speak a language all their own,
In silent whispers, a connection sown.

Through trials and joys, love's steadfast glare,
A journey of souls, beyond compare.

The moonlight weaves its spell at night,
A canvas of love, pure and bright.

Unseen threads bind, no words can say,
Love's magic unfolds in the light of day.

In every heartbeat, a melodic rhyme,
Love's transcendence, enduring through time.

Beyond the finite, in the infinite expanse,
Love's essence dances, a mystic trance.

A symphony of souls, a cosmic art,
Love's transcendence, a masterpiece of the heart.

*****

Selfless Love

In selfless love, no bounds, no measure,
A flame eternal, an infinite treasure.

Heart whispers secrets, silent and deep,
In selfless love, sacred promises keep.

A river of kindness, flowing serene,
Selfless love, an oasis, evergreen.

No expectations, no debts to claim,
In selfless love, we transcend the game.

Sacrifice echoes in love's refrain,
Selfless devotion, a gentle, soothing rain.

In every gesture, a story untold,
Selfless love, more precious than gold.

Eyes that shine with compassion's light,
Selfless love, a beacon in the night.

Beyond desires, in selflessness find,
A love boundless, to all hearts assigned.

In every act, in every touch,
Selfless love, the language of the soul's clutch.

*****

Oneness in Diversity

Amidst the symphony of hues, a tapestry unfolds,
Oneness in diversity, stories waiting to be told.

In every face, a chapter of the grand design,
A mosaic of souls, in unity they intertwine.

No boundaries in the heart, where love takes flight,
Oneness in diversity, a beacon in the night.

Different notes, yet in harmony, they play,
A melody of souls, where diversity finds its way.

Each voice a unique echo in the cosmic expanse,
Oneness in diversity, a dance of souls' advance.

Cultures weave together, threads of vibrant grace,
A kaleidoscope of unity, embracing every trace.

Beyond the surface, in the soul's deep dive,
Oneness in diversity, where spirits truly thrive.

In every language spoken, a shared refrain,
A symphony of hearts, where unity shall reign.

*****

Beyond Religious Boundaries

In the realm where faiths converge, a sacred space,
Beyond religious boundaries, love finds its grace.

Temples, mosques, churches, and synagogues stand tall,
Yet in the heart's sanctuary, the same divine call.

Paths may differ, winding through beliefs untold,
But in the quest for truth, a shared current unfolds.

Unity not in doctrine, nor in creed confined,
Beyond religious boundaries, a shared spirit we find.

Let kindness be the hymn, compassion the prayer,
In the tapestry of love, all souls intricately share.

Each verse, a celebration of diversity's decree,
Beyond religious boundaries, humanity breathes free.

Sufi whispers blend with hymns, a harmonious blend,
In the symphony of souls, love knows no religious end.

Beyond the dogma's grip, where prejudice dissolves,
A realm of shared humanity, where compassion evolves.

In the sanctuary of hearts, a sacred truth prevails,
Beyond religious boundaries, love's essence never fails.

*****

In the Tapestry of Truth

In the tapestry of truth, a thread of light,
Straightforwardness emerges, shining bright.

No veils of words, no intricate maze,
Just candid honesty, in simple phrase.

A beacon in the fog of life's complex design,
Straightforwardness, a guide, sincere and fine.

No masks to wear, no shadows to cast,
A mirror reflecting the present, steadfast.

No dance of ambiguity, no shadows' play,
In the realm of clarity, truth holds sway.

A river flowing, unobstructed and clear,
Straightforwardness whispers, drawing near.

No need for decoding, no cryptic guise,
In straightforwardness, sincerity lies.

No cloak of pretense, no elaborate art,
Just the purity of an open heart.

In the tapestry of truth, a thread profound,
Straightforwardness weaves, unbound.

*****

In the Mosaic of Perspectives

In the tapestry of existence, diverse and wide,
Each soul carries truth, a unique guide.

Through the prism of experience, colors unfold,
Stories untold, in the fabric of truths, we hold.

A kaleidoscope of perspectives, a mosaic grand,
Every truth, a brushstroke, across the land.

In the dance of perspectives, harmony we find,
A symphony of truths, intertwined.

No singular narrative, no absolute decree,
In the vast expanse, truths coexist, wild and free.

A canvas painted with tales, varied and vast,
Every truth, a journey, from the first to the last.

Respecting the differences, embracing the diverse,
In the tapestry of truths, unity we rehearse.

For in the richness of stories, in the hues of belief,
Everyone has its own truth, a perspective to retrieve.

Let understanding flourish, let empathy guide,
In the mosaic of perspectives, truth resides.

*****

In the Shadows of Norms

In the shadows where norms hold sway,
Society's script, we dance, we play.
A canvas painted with rules and lines,
Dictating paths, defining signs.

Whispers of conformity, echoes in the air,
Molding our steps, dictating what's fair.
A tapestry woven with threads of tradition,
Binding us in the dance of societal rendition.

Yet, within the borders, rebels arise,
Questioning the norms, seeking new skies.
Bold and defiant, they challenge the script,
In the quiet rebellion, a revolution is equipped.

Norms, a double-edged sword they may be,
Providing structure, yet limiting the free.
Striking a balance, a delicate ballet,
Between tradition's embrace and the rebel's foray.

Let's navigate these norms with grace,
Cherishing tradition, yet seeking space.
For in the dance of societal norms' ballet,
Individuality blooms, finding its own way.

*****

Linguistic Discrimination

In tongues diverse, our voices ring,
Yet some are silenced by a fling
Of words that wound, discriminate,
Ignoring languages innate.

Linguistic pride, in hearts held dear,
Met with scorn, a bitter sneer,
For accents strange, or foreign tongue,
A chorus of disdain is sung.

But language, rich in melody,
A symphony of history,
Each word a note, a tale untold,
In every accent, stories unfold.

Let's break the chains of prejudice,
Embrace the tongues that we dismiss,
For in diversity, strength is found,
Let linguistic discrimination be drowned.

*****

In the Cloistered Shadows

In cloistered shadows, whispers weave,
A narrative spun, designed to deceive.
Clergy's grasp, a potent spell,
Yet within its clasp, side effects dwell.

Dogma's weight on shoulders bare,
A heavy burden, the heart laid bare.
In the echo chambers of sacred halls,
Side effects bloom, as conviction falls.

Divisive doctrines, a subtle decay,
Innocence lost, led astray.
Blind allegiance, a perilous ride,
Side effects linger, truth denied.

Judgment's gavel, a harsh decree,
Harvesting discord, sowing enmity.
Within the folds of righteous attire,
Side effects emerge, consuming the fire.

Faith exploited, a dangerous game,
Side effects linger, bearing shame.
In the sanctuary where reverence bides,
Unseen consequences, truth hides.

Yet hope persists, for hearts unbound,
To question, to seek, on truth to be found.
In the side effects' silent, lingering hum,
A call for introspection, a plea to overcome.

*****

Language Activist

In the land of Punjab, where rivers flow,
There's a language that sings, yet struggles to grow.
Amidst the hustle, amidst the crowd,
There stands a voice, both fierce and proud.

A champion arises, with passion ablaze,
To fight for a tongue, lost in the maze.
Their words like wildfire, ignite the air,
Calling for justice, demanding their share.

Through alleys and streets, their message resounds,
Echoing the dreams of those once bound.
They speak for the voiceless, the silenced few,
Their courage undeterred, their mission true.

In the face of adversity, they stand tall,
Breaking down barriers, tearing down walls.
For the Punjabi language, they tirelessly strive,
In their hearts, its essence alive.

They are the warriors of language's plight,
Guiding the way with unwavering might.
Their legacy etched in the annals of time,
A beacon of hope, a rhythm sublime.

So here's to the marginalized Punjabi voice,
Whose spirit and fervor will forever rejoice.
In the tapestry of languages, they shine bright,
A testament to resilience, a beacon of light.

*****

In the Veil of Silence

In the veil of silence, a nation yearns,
Echoes of unrest, yet the revolution adjourns.
Whispers of change in the rustling trees,
But why, in Pakistan, revolution tarrying flees?

Corridors of power echo silent sighs,
As the common man's plea beneath the skies.
Dreams of change like stars in the night,
Yet the revolution stalls, out of sight.

In the dance of shadows, the masses sway,
Yearning for dawn, a new sunlit day.
Why, in Pakistan, revolution's refrain,
Lies dormant, veiled in a silent chain?

History's echoes, a call to be heard,
Yet revolution's anthem, a muted bird.
In the quagmire of reasons, complexities untold,
Pakistan's tale of revolution unfolds.

Estranged from the heart, the dream seems far,
Yet within each beat, a revolutionary star.
In the depth of questions, a silent plea,
Why, in Pakistan, does revolution flee?

In the symphony of hopes, a discordant strain,
Chained aspirations, yearning in vain.
Yet in the soul's revolt, a flame concealed,
A dormant fire in the hearts revealed.

The why echoes softly in the still of the night,
Why revolution tarries, shrouded in twilight.
In Pakistan's narrative, a tale unfolds,
A question unanswered, in silence it holds.

*****

Whispers of Change

In the hush of twilight, whispers linger near,
Echoes of change, a melody we strain to hear.
Soft footfalls of progress tiptoe in the night,
Yet the dawn of transformation remains out of sight.

Whispers of change, like leaves in the breeze,
Flutter through the air, weaving destinies.
Promises of a new era, faintly spoken,
In the realm of possibilities, a pledge unbroken.

The pen of revolution poised in the ink of time,
Yet the verses of transformation remain in mime.
A clandestine dance of shadows on the wall,
Change's arrival, an awaited call.

In the garden of hope, buds yearn to bloom,
Yet the whispers of change in a muted room.
A symphony of potential, notes on the wind,
The revolution's prelude, patiently thinned.

Soft murmurs of reform, like a gentle stream,
Navigating obstacles, a distant dream.
Whispers of change, a clandestine affair,
Yet the canvas of transformation remains bare.

The candle of progress flickers in the dark,
Yet the full blaze of change, an elusive spark.
In the whispers that traverse the open air,
Hopeful hearts await, with an earnest prayer.

The clock ticks onward, a rhythmic sound,
Yet the anticipated change remains unbound.
In the echoes of transformation yet to be,
Whispers persist, awaiting their decree.

*****

Shadows of Revolution

In the realm of upheaval, shadows dance,
A waltz of chaos, born from defiance.
The revolution's cloak, a darkened hue,
Unveils the paradoxes it will strew.

A flickering flame ignites the night,
Yet shadows deepen, concealing the light.
For in the dance of change, a price is paid,
A toll extracted, the balance weighed.

The heralds of revolution raise their voice,
Yet whispers of discontent underlie the noise.
The dark side emerges, a hidden crest,
As aspirations collide with unrest.

In the corridors of power, shadows loom,
As newfound freedom meets impending doom.
Revolution's seed, sown in fertile soil,
Yet sprouts the weeds of turmoil.

As barricades fall, a facade revealed,
The underbelly of change, still concealed.
The dark side whispers in corridors of might,
As justice falters in the absence of light.

Anarchy's seed within the revolution's breath,
Unleashes chaos, a dance with death.
The dark side emerges, a sinister call,
As the walls of progress begin to fall.

In the name of change, the innocent bleed,
A paradoxical truth, a desperate need.
Revolution's shadows, an ominous guise,
As hope and despair within each other lies.

The dark side of revolution, a cautionary tale,
As aspirations falter, ambitions frail.
In the echoes of change, a somber chord,
A reminder of the shadows that change has stored.

*****

Echoes of Unfiltered Thought

In the realm of minds, where thoughts unfold,
Unfiltered whispers, stories untold.
A symphony of ideas, a cascade of lore,
Where unbridled thinking seeks to explore.

No veils to shroud, no masks to wear,
Thoughts, like wild rivers, freely dare.
In the garden of minds, unfiltered and free,
Blossoms of candor, a vibrant decree.

Ideas intertwine, dance in the mind's ballet,
Unfiltered thinking, a fearless display.
No constraints to bind, no limits to confine,
In the tapestry of thought, diversity shines.

Bold revelations, unfiltered and clear,
Breaking through barriers, banishing fear.
In the canvas of minds, where colors blend,
Unfiltered thinking, a journey to transcend.

No echo chambers, no walls to contain,
Unfiltered thoughts, a relentless rain.
A melody of intellect, free from restraint,
In the echo of ideas, new worlds acquaint.

Divergent paths, each thought a guide,
Through the wilderness of unfiltered tide.
No shackles of conformity, no silent strings,
Unfiltered thinking, where true freedom sings.

In the open expanse of unfiltered mind,
Limitless landscapes of thought we find.
A ghazal of ideas, unbridled and true,
Echoes of unfiltered thinking, forever renew.

*****

Limitless Thoughts Unveiled

In the tapestry of minds, thoughts uncurl,
Limitless realms, an expansive swirl.
Whispers of wisdom, a boundless sea,
In the echo of thoughts, we find the key.

Unveiling dreams in the night's embrace,
Limitless thoughts, a celestial chase.
Stars in the mind's vast galaxy,
Each thought, a beacon of eternity.

In the corridors of contemplation's dance,
Limitless thoughts, a cosmic expanse.
Threads of imagination intricately weave,
In the garden of ideas, truths believe.

No boundaries confine, no walls to bound,
Limitless thoughts, in silence profound.
Echoes of intellect, a symphony,
Harmony in the vast, thought's legacy.

Unfurl the sails of imagination's ship,
Limitless thoughts on wisdom's trip.
Navigating seas of introspective quest,
Each thought, a captain, in minds manifest.

In the canvas of minds, colors blend,
Limitless thoughts, an art to comprehend.
A palette of ideas, vivid and bright,
In the gallery of minds, thoughts take flight.

No cage can hold, no chains to bind,
Limitless thoughts, the unfettered mind.
In the ghazal of intellect, verses unfold,
Limitless thoughts, a treasure untold.

*****

Shattered Panes of Prejudice

In the realm where judgments breed,
Prejudices sprout like toxic seed.
A canvas tainted by biases' hue,
In the eyes of ignorance, misconceptions accrue.

Whispers of stereotypes, a toxic air,
Prejudices woven with threads unfair.
Blinded minds, a distorted view,
In the shadows of bias, understanding we lose.

The canvas of hearts, stained and marred,
Prejudices etched, impressions scarred.
A tapestry of division, woven tight,
In the web of judgment, humanity's plight.

Skin-deep evaluations, a deceptive guise,
Prejudices mask the truth that lies.
Locked in boxes of narrow perception,
In the dance of prejudice, unity finds no connection.

Break the shackles, free the mind,
Prejudices shattered, compassion to find.
A journey beyond the surface, a quest,
In the realm of understanding, let biases rest.

Let empathy paint the canvas anew,
Prejudices dissolve, perspectives true.
Unveiling the beauty in diversity,
In the harmonious symphony, prejudice finds adversity.

Rise above the whispers of narrow minds,
Prejudices dismantled, compassion binds.
For in the open heart, understanding grows,
And the shattered panes of prejudice, a unity bestows.

*****

World Punjabi Congress

In Lahore's heart, where culture blooms,
A Congress rises, dispelling gloom.
World Punjabi's spirit, vibrant and strong,
A journey of 40 years, a melody in song.

Founded in Lahore's historic embrace,
World Punjabi Congress, a cultural grace.
Four decades unfurl, a tapestry of time,
Promoting heritage, in prose and rhyme.

From the land of five rivers, they arose,
40 years of unity, the story it shows.
In Lahore's courtyard, where voices resound,
An organization's journey, profound.

Punjabi colors, woven in threads,
A cultural mosaic, where history treads.
From the soil of Punjab, tales untold,
40 years of stories, still being unfold.

Celebrating language, traditions so dear,
World Punjabi Congress, a pioneer.
In every verse, in each celebration,
A commitment to preserve, a shared foundation.

From Lahore's streets to the global stage,
World Punjabi Congress, a cultural sage.
Through festivals, gatherings, and scholarly ways,
40 years of devotion, like sunlit days.

Harvesting stories from the rich soil,
40 years of memories, a lifetime's foil.
In Lahore's embrace, where the journey began,
World Punjabi Congress, a cultural caravan.

From the gurdwaras to the Sufi shrines,
40 years of echoes, in joy and pines.
Through dance, through music, through poetic fire,
A journey of love, a cultural empire.

In the heart of Lahore, where the rivers meet,
World Punjabi Congress, a cultural feat.
40 years of legacy, etched in time,
A symphony of culture, an anthem of rhyme.

*****

Two Punjabs

Two Punjabs bound by history's song,
Two lands where hearts and spirits belong.
Separated by borders, lines on a map,
Yet connected by culture, a shared clap.

Visas may linger, but hearts beat as one,
Underneath the same bright sun.
Let bridges of understanding be built,
Where the human spirit is freely spilt.

No walls of paperwork should divide,
Punjab's love, on either side.
Let laughter flow across the divide,
No visas needed, for hearts to coincide.

Fields of wheat, rivers that flow,
Shared heritage, let the world know.
Beyond the borders, a common bond,
Two Punjabs united, forever beyond.

Let the visa-free winds of friendship blow,
Through fields of mustard, let harmony grow.
A handshake across the invisible line,
A gesture of peace, a unity sign.

Two Punjabs, brothers at the core,
History's offspring, forevermore.
Visas may crumble, let connections rise,
Under the open skies, where eagles fly.

A dance of joy across the border,
In the heart of Punjab, let love reorder.
No visas to hinder, no boundaries to stall,
Two Punjabs meeting, breaking the wall.

*****

Peace in Punjab

In Punjab's fields where echoes of strife,
A longing for peace, a yearning for life.
The rivers whisper, tales untold,
Of a land once warm, where love did unfold.

Let peace descend like gentle rain,
Washing away the scars, the lingering pain.
In the Golden Temple's sacred glow,
Harmony's seeds, let them brightly sow.

The fertile soil, where history's penned,
In peace, let the wounds slowly mend.
Warrior hearts, now seek reprieve,
In the tranquil air, let grievances leave.

Through the mustard fields and amber skies,
A peaceful melody, where the spirit lies.
No more echoes of gunfire, no more cries,
Just the rustle of leaves under peaceful skies.

Let borders dissolve like morning mist,
In the land of five rivers, let harmony persist.
Where brothers once fought, let hands now clasp,
A symphony of peace, in every heart's grasp.

In the langar's embrace, where all partake,
Let understanding, not animosity, awake.
A quilt of peace, stitched with threads of care,
In Punjab's heart, let compassion declare.

The saffron fields, a symbol of unity,
A bridge of peace, spanning community.
Let tolerance bloom like the spring's first flower,
In Punjab's story, let peace have its hour.

Through shared songs sung in fields so green,
In every village, let goodwill be seen.
No more dividing lines, no more despair,
In Punjab's air, let peace declare.

*****

Punjabi Writer

In the land of Punjab, where ink meets soil,
Punjabi writers toil, in peace, they toil.
With pens as swords, cutting through the haze,
They script tales of unity, brightening the days.

In words, they find the balm for wounds,
Punjabi writers, peace's heralds, attuned.
Through verses and stories, they weave a spell,
Breaking barriers, where harmony can dwell.

In the pages they craft, a bridge unfolds,
Connecting hearts, breaking ancient molds.
Punjabi writers, architects of thought,
Building realms where peace is sought.

From Lahore's echoes to Amritsar's call,
Punjabi writers stand, breaking the wall.
Their words resonate across the divide,
In literature's embrace, unity is wide.

In the quiet corners of a dim-lit room,
They sketch peace in every stanza and tune.
Pens as ambassadors, across the border,
Punjabi writers, a harmonious recorder.

In the cadence of language, the rhythm of rhyme,
Punjabi writers paint a canvas, sublime.
In every verse, in each heartfelt line,
They plant the seeds of peace, divine.

Through the rich tapestry of tales they tell,
Punjabi writers, peace's citadel.
Their narratives whisper in the moonlit night,
A plea for unity, an end to the fight.

So let the pages turn, let the stories unfold,
Punjabi writers, in peace, be bold.
For in the written word, the power resides,
To bridge the gaps where peace abides.

*****

Diminish Hatred

In Punjab's embrace, where history weaves,
Two sides divided, yet shared are the leaves.
To diminish hatred, let compassion lead,
A symphony of understanding, a dire need.

Let bridges rise where walls now stand,
United by love, across the land.
In the fertile fields of mustard gold,
Seeds of empathy, let them be sowed.

Open the gates, let dialogue flow,
From Lahore's breeze to Amritsar's glow.
For in shared stories, common threads,
Lies the strength to sever hatred's threads.

Reach across the borders, hand in hand,
Break the chains that divide the land.
In the echoes of the Jhelum's song,
Find the melody where unity belongs.

Celebrate the languages, the vibrant tongues,
In shared festivals, where harmony runs.
For in the rhythm of a bhangra beat,
Hatred's defeat, let love repeat.

Look beyond the scars of yesteryears,
In Punjab's heart, banish the fears.
Through literature, art, and song,
Erase the lines where hatred's been strong.

Let children play on fields untamed,
Where unity and peace are named.
In classrooms where history is taught,
Teach the lessons of compassion, not fraught.

No more shadows cast by divisive shade,
In Punjab's light, let unity pervade.
Diminish hatred, let love ignite,
In the heart of Punjab, where dreams take flight.

Two sides of Punjab, like hands to hold,
In brotherhood, let stories be told.
For in understanding, in shared delight,
Diminishing hatred, we find the light.

*****

Love for All

In the garden of life, where colors abound,
A timeless creed, in every heart is found.
Love for all, a radiant sun,
A universal hymn, hate for none.

Underneath the same celestial sphere,
Kindred spirits, draw near.
Bound by threads of compassion spun,
A simple mantra, hate for none.

In the tapestry of humanity, a woven grace,
Love's reflection in every face.
A mosaic of hearts, a unity won,
In the anthem sung, hate for none.

Let the echoes ripple through the air,
A melody of peace, beyond compare.
In the symphony of life, each note is spun,
Harmony's chorus, hate for none.

Through trials and triumphs, let it guide,
A lighthouse on the turbulent tide.
For in love's embrace, battles are done,
A healing balm, hate for none.

In the tapestry of diversity, threads intertwine,
A kaleidoscope of stories, yours and mine.
Embracing differences, as the day is done,
A world united, hate for none.

So let the anthem resound, a universal plea,
In love's vast ocean, let us be free.
For in the vastness of a setting sun,
We find our purpose, hate for none.

*****

Same Blood

In Punjab's embrace, where rivers entwine,
On either side, a shared bloodline.
Beneath the same sun, where shadows fall,
Blood is the same, a universal call.

From Lahore's heart to Amritsar's grace,
In every heartbeat, a familiar trace.
Two sides of Punjab, like kin entwined,
A common pulse, in every mind.

Through fields of mustard, golden and bright,
A shared essence, day and night.
In every vein, the story's told,
Blood is the same, a truth to hold.

Borders may linger, lines on a chart,
But the beating rhythm is one at heart.
On either side, where history resides,
In the same red current, unity abides.

In laughter and tears, joy and pain,
The crimson river knows no disdain.
A shared lineage, a heritage deep,
In blood's rhythm, let compassion seep.

Through tales untold and songs unsung,
In the veins, where love has sprung.
No division in the flowing stream,
Blood is the same, in every dream.

So let understanding be the guide,
Across the borders, where rivers glide.
In the veins of Punjab, a common stream,
Blood is the same, in every dream.

*****

Bullet and Man

In the silence of the battlefield, where shadows dance,
A stark truth emerges, a deadly circumstance.
A bullet, cold and ruthless, devoid of a name,
Does not discern between foe and friend, the same.

It cuts through the air with a heartless grace,
No allegiance to a side, no friendly face.
In the deafening roar of the battlefield's cry,
A bullet flies indiscriminate, aiming for the sky.

In the smoke and chaos, where hatred prevails,
A bullet knows no loyalty, no tales.
It pierces the air with an impartial might,
A messenger of death, in the still of the night.

No flag it salutes, no anthem it hears,
A bullet's trajectory fueled by fears.
Foe or friend, it cares not to know,
In its trajectory, only shadows grow.

In the echoes of conflict, where enmity breeds,
A bullet follows its path, sowing seeds.
Unbiased and brutal, in its descent,
A reminder that destruction is not sentiment.

Let this truth resonate in the hearts of men,
A bullet recognizes not foe or friend.
In the pursuit of peace, let wisdom transcend,
For in unity, the reign of bullets can end.

*****

Blood is Thicker

In the heartland of Punjab, where stories unfold,
A tale of kinship, precious and bold.
Blood is thicker than water, a truth embraced,
On two sides of the border, bonds interlaced.

Through the fields of wheat, and rivers wide,
A shared heritage, where love abides.
In offices and farms, where duties are known,
Blood ties run deep, a connection sown.

From Lahore's skyline to Amritsar's gate,
In the veins of Punjab, a familial fate.
Colleagues, comrades, side by side,
In the workforce's rhythm, bonds coincide.

In the bustling markets, where trade aligns,
In the offices and shops, where the sun shines,
A common purpose, a shared endeavor,
Blood's resilience, it lasts forever.

Though borders may stand, dividing the land,
In the hearts of Punjab, unity is planned.
Employees on two sides, with tasks to share,
A testament that blood's bond is rare.

Through the ebb and flow of time's gentle stream,
A truth echoed, like a recurring dream.
Blood is thicker than water, in labor's domain,
On both sides of Punjab, a familial refrain.

In the daily grind, where duty's assigned,
A silent pact, in every laborer's mind.
Blood ties endure, through joy and strife,
A reminder that kinship is the essence of life.

******

Enemy

In the shadows where uncertainty resides,
A lesson learned as the darkness hides.
"Recognize your enemy," whispers the sage,
In the drama of life, on wisdom's stage.

Not just in faces marred by strife,
But in the seeds sown by malice's knife.
An enemy may wear a mask unseen,
In intentions veiled, in motives keen.

Not always on the battleground's plain,
Sometimes within, in the mind's terrain.
In the echoes of deceit, the whispers of lies,
An enemy lurks, wearing a disguise.
Recognize the foe, not just in the clash,

But in the currents of deceit that dash.
In the corridors of power, where shadows play,
An enemy may hide, biding its day.

Yet, let discernment be a guiding light,
In the pursuit of truth, in wisdom's flight.
For enemies unseen may be close at hand,
In the subtleties of life, where meanings stand.

Look not just to the external guise,
But within the heart, where intent lies.
To recognize the enemy, a crucial art,
In the dance of life, where shadows depart.

So open the eyes, and sharpen the mind,
In the labyrinth of life, let wisdom find.
To recognize your enemy, a vigilant art,
For in understanding, true strength will start.

*****

Enemy and Friend

In the tapestry of life, where shadows play,
A question lingers, night and day.
Who is friend, who is the foe?
In the evolving script, how does one know?

A friend may wear a smile so bright,
Guiding through the darkest night.
A confidant in joy and despair,
A companion true, beyond compare.

Yet in the disguise of friendship's guise,
An enemy may wear a clever guise.
A dagger hidden, words unspoken,
In the realm of trust, a bond is broken.

Enemies, not always in the open field,
Sometimes masked, intentions concealed.
In the corridors where power schemes,
A foe may lurk, in elusive dreams.

True friendship, a beacon of light,
In kindness found, in trust alight.
An ally standing, steadfast and true,
Through storms and sunshine, to breakthrough.

Yet be cautious of the cunning face,
A foe may linger in friendship's embrace.
Deceptive smiles, a wolf in sheep's attire,
In the dance of loyalty, fueling the fire.

So tread the path with eyes wide,
Discern the truth in friendship's tide.
For in the echoes of time's decree,
Who is friend, who is enemy?

In the heart's chamber, wisdom be,
To recognize the friend, the enemy.
For in understanding, truth prevails,
In life's intricate dance of tales.

*****

Role of Literature

In the realm of words, where stories weave,
A tapestry of peace, literature conceives.
From the ink-stained quills to the pages turned,
A symphony of harmony, where lessons are learned.

In the verses penned, a bridge is laid,
Connecting hearts, forging a serenade.
Through novels, poems, and tales untold,
Literature's power, a peace to unfold.

In the library of empathy, characters reside,
Walking in others' shoes, compassion as a guide.
A shared narrative, in every bookshelf,
Literature's magic, transcending oneself.

Through the lines written, understanding grows,
Breaking barriers, quelling the throes.
In the silence of a well-chosen word,
The echoes of peace, by literature heard.

In the classrooms where wisdom is shared,
In the minds awakened, the truth declared.
Literature speaks a universal tongue,
A tool for peace, where all belong.

Through narratives of courage, of love, and of grace,
Literature echoes in every space.
A call for unity, a shared quest,
For peace to prevail, as stories attest.

So let the pen be a sword, mightier than the blade,
In literature's embrace, let peace be made.
For in the written word's subtle release,
Lies the power to create a world of peace.

*****

Greedy Rulers

In halls of power, where shadows loom,
Rulers grasp, with greed to consume.
Their hearts, a cavern, devoid of grace,
As they wield power, in a ruthless chase.

Their hunger knows no bounds, no end in sight,
They gorge on wealth, with insatiable might.
Like wolves in sheep's clothing, they roam free,
Feeding on the crumbs of society.

They plunder and pillage, without remorse,
While the cries of the needy, they simply ignore.
Their coffers overflow, with ill-gotten gain,
While the masses suffer, in anguish and pain.

They cloak their deeds in deceit's disguise,
With honeyed words and cunning lies.
But beneath the facade, their true nature shows,
Avarice and ambition, in their hearts enclosed.

Yet, amidst the darkness, a flicker of hope,
As the oppressed rise, refusing to cope.
For greed may reign, but justice will prevail,
And the rulers' greed, in time, shall fail.

So let us stand together, against their greed,
And sow the seeds of change, in word and deed.
For a world where fairness and justice reign,
Where the greedy rulers' power wanes again.

*****

Real Patriotism

Patriotism isn't just a flag unfurled,
Nor a blind allegiance to a bounded world.
It's not mere words or songs sung loud,
But a deeper bond, both fierce and proud.

It's the love for land, both past and present,
A commitment to values, unwavering, resplendent.
It's in the deeds that speak louder than words,
In the unity forged, despite diverse herds.

Patriotism is found in the sweat and toil,
In the sacrifices made, in the soil.
It's in the hearts of those who dare to dream,
And in the resilience of a nation's seam.

It's the respect for rights, for freedom's call,
In standing tall, refusing to fall.
It's in the fight for justice, for all to thrive,
In lifting others, so they too can strive.

True patriotism isn't found in hate,
But in building bridges, despite the weight.
It's in understanding, in empathy's embrace,
In working together, for a better place.

So let us redefine what it means to be true,
To embody the spirit of red, white, and blue.
For patriotism lies not in pride alone,
But in love, compassion, and seeds of kindness sown.

*****

Hypocricy

Hypocrisy, a curse that stains the soul,
A shadow lurking where honesty should stroll.
It wears a mask of virtue, yet hides deceit,
A poison spreading, where trust should meet.

With words like honey, it lures its prey,
But beneath the surface, darkness holds sway.
It preaches righteousness, yet practices vice,
A venomous serpent in disguise.

It feigns allegiance to morality's creed,
While indulging in deeds that make hearts bleed.
It cloaks itself in righteousness' attire,
But its true nature burns with hidden fire.

Hypocrisy, a poison in the well of trust,
Corrupting hearts, turning faith to dust.
It thrives in the shadows, where truth is dim,
A curse upon the soul, a devil's hymn.

Yet in the light of honesty, it cannot stand,
For truth reveals its lies, like shifting sand.
So let us cast away this curse's blight,
And live with integrity, in truth's pure light.

*****

Consipiracy

In the silent whispers of the corridors of power,
Conspiracies brew, hour by hour.
A shadowy dance of deception and lies,
Where truth becomes the first casualty's cries.

Behind closed doors, in chambers dark,
The powerful scheme, leaving their mark.
They plot and they scheme, with cunning guise,
Their ambitions soaring, while morality dies.

Conspiracy, a poison that seeps and spreads,
Feeding on fear, where innocence treads.
It wraps its tendrils around the masses' fate,
As puppeteers pull strings, sealing their state.

They manipulate minds with crafted tales,
Masquerading as saviors, while justice fails.
Dividing and conquering, they play their game,
Leaving the masses to shoulder the blame.

But amidst the fog of their deceitful art,
The truth shall rise, tearing their plans apart.
For the light of justice shines bright and clear,
Exposing the lies, dispelling the fear.

So let us stand vigilant, against their sway,
And refuse to be pawns in their wicked play.
For conspiracy may grip with its cunning hand,
But united we stand, against its command.

*****

True Revolution

True revolution isn't just a cry for change,
It's a shift in consciousness, a rearrange.
It's not about tearing down, but building anew,
In the hearts of the many, not just the few.

It's a flame that ignites in the darkest night,
A beacon of hope, a guiding light.
It's born from the whispers of the oppressed,
And fueled by the dreams they've long repressed.

True revolution isn't found in violence or hate,
But in love's embrace, and compassion's state.
It's in the courage to speak truth to power,
And in the strength to stand tall in the darkest hour.

It's a journey of unity, of hearts entwined,
Across borders and barriers, in every mind.
It's in the quest for justice, for all to be free,
In the fight for equality, for humanity.

True revolution is a constant evolution,
A commitment to change, a steadfast resolution.
It's a ripple that spreads, touching every shore,
A wave of transformation, forevermore.

So let us rise together, hand in hand,
And build a world where all can stand.
For true revolution begins within,
In the belief that another world is possible to win.

*****

True Terrorism

In the shadows where ignorance reigns supreme,
Lies the true terror, a silent, unseen scheme.
For in the darkness of unenlightened minds,
Lies the breeding ground where hatred finds.

True terrorism isn't just bombs and strife,
But the denial of knowledge, the theft of life.
It's the shackles of illiteracy, binding tight,
Robbing futures of their chance to ignite.

In the corridors where ignorance dwells,
Lies the genesis of society's hells.
For in the absence of education's light,
Fear and prejudice take flight.

It's the weapon of choice for those who seek control,
To keep the masses divided, to keep them whole.
For an educated mind is a dangerous thing,
To tyrants and despots, it's the end of their string.

So let us wage war on this terror unseen,
With books and pens as our weapons keen.
For the true liberation of humanity's fate,
Lies in the power of knowledge, never too late.

*****

Real Theft

Theft isn't just about what's taken away,
It's the loss of trust, the price we pay.
It's more than just possessions stolen in the night,
It's the violation of what we hold as right.

It's the theft of dreams, shattered and broken,
The theft of innocence, left unspoken.
It's the theft of time, slipping through our grasp,
The theft of hope, in a world so vast.

But theft isn't just about what's gone,
It's about what's left behind, a painful dawn.
It's the scars that linger, deep and wide,
The wounds of theft that never quite subside.

Yet amidst the darkness, there's a glimmer of light,
For in the face of theft, we find our might.
We rebuild, we rise, stronger than before,
For the true wealth lies in what we restore.

So let us guard not just our possessions, but our hearts,
For that's where the truest treasures start.
And in the face of theft, let us find our grace,
For in resilience, we'll always find our place.

*****

Painful Dawn

In the quiet hours before the sun's first light,
A painful dawn breaks, chasing away the night.
It's a moment of transition, from darkness to day,
But the ache in the heart seems here to stay.

As the sky turns from black to shades of gray,
The echoes of sorrow refuse to fade away.
The world awakens, but the pain remains,
A heavy burden, like unending chains.

Each ray of light brings a bittersweet sting,
A reminder of the loss that morning brings.
For in the silence of the dawn's embrace,
We confront the emptiness, the lonely space.

But amidst the tears and the heavy sighs,
There's a glimmer of hope in the morning skies.
For with each new day comes the chance to heal,
To find solace in the wounds that time will seal.

So let the painful dawn be a symbol of strength,
A reminder that even in darkness, we'll find length.
For with each sunrise, we're given a chance,
To rise from the ashes of sorrow's dance.

*****

Bitterness

When bitterness pervades the common soul,
And hope seems lost, beyond control,
It's time to seek a path anew,
To redress the grievances, to start anew.

Let empathy guide our every deed,
And kindness sow the seeds we need.
For in understanding, we find the key,
To heal the wounds of history's spree.

Listen to the voices, long ignored,
Give them space to speak, to be restored.
For every tale of hardship, every cry,
Deserves attention, a chance to fly.

Address the injustices, one by one,
For true progress is never done.
With fairness as our guiding light,
We'll pave the way for a future bright.

Empower the powerless, lift them high,
Give them wings to soar, to touch the sky.
For in their triumph, lies our own,
A shared victory, a common tone.

So let us redress the bitterness within,
With compassion, empathy, let us begin.
For in the unity of common man,
We'll find the strength to heal, to span.

*****

Heavy Burden

Injustices towards the common man,
A heavy burden, a damning plan.
For rulers who ignore the cries,
Their downfall looms, their fate defies.

The weight of injustice, a curse indeed,
For those who sow it, plant the seed
Of discontent, of righteous rage,
That burns and simmers, with each new stage.

The rulers who thrive on oppression's grip,
Will find their power begin to slip.
For in the hearts of the common folk,
Lies the power to withstand the yoke.

Their cries for justice, though long ignored,
Will echo loud, cannot be stored
Away in darkness, forever bound,
For truth and fairness will be found.

Injustices towards the common man,
A thorn in the side of rulers' plan.
For when the masses rise as one,
Their power eclipses, their battle won.

So rulers beware, for the curse you sow,
Will reap its harvest, in time you'll know.
Injustices towards the common man,
Will be your downfall, your final stand.

*****

My Love Dr. Fatima

In the tapestry of my life, a radiant thread,
Dr. Fatima, my love, where happiness is bred.
A healer, a scholar, in grace she stands,
Wife, confidante, in life's intricate plans.

In the corridors of knowledge, her footsteps trace,
Dr. Fatima, a beacon of wisdom and grace.
A healer's touch, compassionate and warm,
In her presence, life weathers no storm.

Her eyes, pools of kindness, a soothing gaze,
Through life's challenges, in myriad ways.
A partner in joy, a solace in strife,
Dr. Fatima, my love, the essence of life.

In the symphony of laughter and shared tears,
In the passage of time, across the years,
Her name echoes like a cherished rhyme,
Dr. Fatima, my love, stands the test of time.

Through the pages of our shared story,
In the dance of love, perpetual and hoary.
She's the melody in life's sweet song,
A love that grows, ever strong.

In the canvas of dreams, side by side,
Dr. Fatima, my love, is my pride.
A journey mapped with love's sweet art,
She's the symphony that beats in my heart.

As we traverse life's intricate plot,
Dr. Fatima, my love, forgets me not.
In the tapestry of love that we weave,
She's the warmth that my heart shall cleave.

*****

My Children

In the gentle embrace of twilight's glow,
Two treasures bestowed, a love to know.
A daughter and son, my heart's delight,
In their laughter, my world takes flight.

My daughter, a blossom, tender and true,
Eyes like stars in a sky so blue.
Her laughter, a melody, pure and sweet,
In her presence, life feels complete.

With grace in her steps, a dancer's sway,
She brightens each and every day.
In her smile, the sun finds its dawn,
My love for her forever drawn.

Beside her, my son, a sturdy tree,
Roots in love, strength in unity.
His spirit, a flame that brightly burns,
In every trial, resilience he earns.

With mischief in his eyes, a spark of fun,
He's the warmth beneath the evening sun.
In his hugs, a fortress, strong and sure,
A love so deep, forevermore.

Together they dance, in a sibling ballet,
Through joys and sorrows, come what may.
In their bond, a tapestry woven tight,
A love that transcends both day and night.

My daughter and son, my treasures so dear,
In your laughter, my soul draws near.
With every heartbeat, with every breath,
You are my love, my life, my depth.

*****

Fakhar Zaman's Whispers of the Soul (Verses from the Heart) is a deeply evocative collection that seamlessly intertwines history, spirituality, literature, and social commentary. The book serves as a powerful testament to Punjab's rich cultural and spiritual heritage, exploring the profound influence of Sufi thought, folklore, and historical struggles. Through his verses, Zaman takes readers on a journey through centuries of wisdom, heroism, and resistance, offering a poetic lens into the socio-political realities of Punjab. His words echo the voices of mystics, revolutionaries, and ordinary people, creating a tapestry of emotions that transcend time.

The book is thoughtfully structured, with each verse encapsulating a unique yet interconnected theme. Zaman's poetry resonates with the timeless messages of Sufi luminaries such as Baba Farid, Shah Hussain, Sultan Bahu, Baba Guru Nanak, Bulleh Shah, Waris Shah, Khawaja Ghulam Farid, and Mian Muhammad Bakhsh. His verses breathe fresh life into Punjab's legendary love stories—Heer Ranjha, Sohni Mahiwal, Mirza Sahiban, and Sassi Punnu—elevating them beyond romance to symbols of spiritual devotion and defiance against societal conventions. These narratives are not just poetic musings; they serve as reflections on love's struggle against rigid social structures, where personal sacrifice becomes an act of resistance.

Zaman's poetic vision extends beyond the mystical and the romantic; it delves into the historical and political wounds of Punjab. Verses such as Kaidu: A Scar on Punjab's Face, Invaders: The Plunderers, and Tyrant Rulers offer a stark critique of oppression, colonialism, and exploitation. His words commemorate heroes like Bhagat Singh and the countless defenders of Punjab, portraying them as symbols of unwavering resistance and justice. These verses challenge conventional historical narratives, presenting an alternative perspective that highlights the resilience and revolutionary spirit of the Punjabi people.

One of the book's most striking aspects is its engagement with contemporary socio-political themes. Zaman's verses powerfully address issues such as linguistic discrimination, the plight of landless Punjabis, and the declining role of literature in shaping collective consciousness. He condemns Politics of Violence, Divide and Rule, and Religious Extremism, warning against the persistent marginalization of Punjab's language and culture. His reflections on Freedom Fighters, World Punjabi Congress, and Two Punjabs advocate for peace and unity across borders, emphasizing a shared Punjabi identity that transcends geographical and political divisions.

The later sections of the book shift towards broader philosophical themes such as Love's Universal Symphony, Oneness of Humanity, Beyond Religious Boundaries, and Tolerance's Radiance. These verses elevate Whispers of the Soul beyond regional discourse, transforming it into a meditation on unity, coexistence, and universal love. Zaman's call for an inclusive world, where love triumphs over hatred and divisions are erased, resonates deeply, making the collection a reflection on the human condition rather than just a historical or cultural commentary.

Zaman's poetic voice is both lyrical and incisive, blending historical depth with emotional resonance. While certain themes could have been more concise, the book's richness in thought and content makes it a compelling read. Whispers of the Soul (Verses from the Heart) stands as a testament to the enduring power of poetry and activism. It is an essential read for those interested in Sufi wisdom, Punjabi literature, and the socio-political landscape of South Asia.

Dr. Amjad Ali Bhatti
Islamabad

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